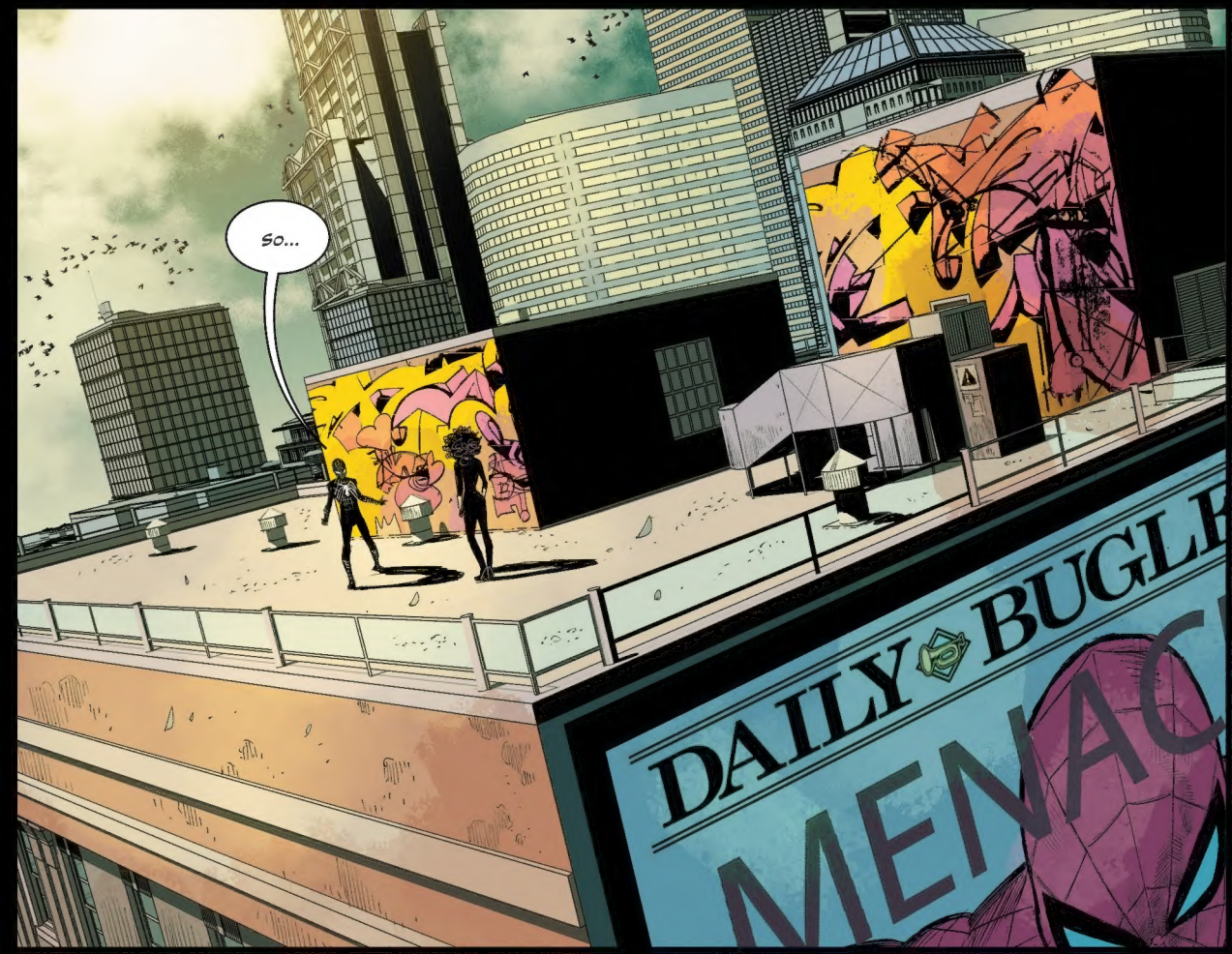
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
19
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | WILSON
JUL. 2025 | RATED T

JULY



...how are you doing?
...
I'm okay.
How about you?
Oh, I'm grounded.
I shouldn't even be here.
Did you get in trouble because you ran away to help me?
Or because of what you did?
Both.
...
Well then, you probably deserve it, don't you?
...

Then.
How...
How could you do this?
...
It's my nature.
So what's it gonna be, kid? The pain and suffering of betraying your fellow heroes?
Or just plain ol' pain and suffering?
I'm fine with whichever way you wanna go.
What are you going to do, Richard?
I don't know. I... I...
I'm scared.
I can take over if you want me to.
Do you?
...
Yes.
Close your eyes, Son...
...and don't open them until I tell you to.

Hurk!
GAHHHHK!
What?
Are?
You?
We can't stop this!
Get the boss out of here!
AAIEEEEEEE!

No. No. No...
Stop!
Stop it!
Please.
...
I'm sorry we scared you.

Fisk Tower.
We thank everyone for coming--especially considering the state of things.
Hopefully, this will be brief. We only have a few items to cover today.
Mr. Fisk?
It's been months.
Where is he?
I can tell you that Kraven hasn't left our territories by any of the means that we normally use. I've also been to both his estate and preserve and questioned everyone there.
I was thorough--*in the way that only I can be.* No one on his staff knows where he is, but everyone's concerned. He's never disappeared like this before and they ***assume*** the ***worst.***
Hrmpt! There are plenty of ways to slip through our fingers unnoticed.
Maybe he got tired of... *all this.* Maybe he decided to hole up in some peaceful corner of the world and watch the sun rise.
Ridiculous.
Mr. Wesley?
Nothing on my end either. And not to make matters worse, but perhaps it's time to consider our worst-case scenario.
You think he's dead?
No. Worst case is he's ***working*** with ***Mysterio.***

I would think the worst case is much worse than that...
...namely, so could one of us.
...
Is that a guess...or something more?
Take it however you like.
But no one at this table has suffered more at the hands of our traitorous ex-colleague than me.
Mysterio and his confederates have destroyed two more of my warehouses while all of you conveniently remain untouched.
Perhaps the best course of action on this front is for me to take control of each of you. Peek under the hood.
Just so I can be sure.
That's an une--
You wouldn't dare.
And even if you did, we both know you're not powerful enough to dominate my will.

That was years ago.
I'm stronger now.
...
=Sigh= Look at what they've done to us...
Because this is no world for justice or heroes... I have become obsessed with mystery instead of adversary.
You are right. We'll deal with Kraven when we learn more. Until then, we have *true* enemies to crush.
Hrmpt!
And what about the monster?

What's this?
More secrets?
Mr. Hardy and I laid a trap with--what I now suspect to be--the begrudging assistance of his daughter. I was hoping it would be Spider-Man.
Instead, it was a nightmare.
And while I suppose personal desires and divided loyalties are something we're going to have to deal with regarding the younger generation...
...young Felicia will remain at arm's length for a while.
She did swear that it wasn't Spider-Man, and that she doesn't know his real name, or that he would transform into a beast...but her father thinks she might be lying.
I've stayed out of it for now, but soon enough, I'll have a name one way or the other.
And what do you plan to do with it when you get it?
In no particular order?
I'm going to kill him...

...then Spider-Man...
...and Mysterio and the Goblin.
Okay, here they come.
Thank you, Mr. Wesley.

Later.
SCKRITCH
SCKRITCH
SCKRITCH
SCKRITCH
SNFF
SNFF
BLARG BLARG BLARG BLARG BLARG BLARG BLARG BLA
EH!
BE-LOOP

You're never gonna believe this... but I stop by every day hoping someone might show up.
I didn't know who it would be...but I waited and waited and waited...
So finally the alarm goes off--*super loud*--just when I happen to be here. I guess I should have assumed it might be you since you know my secret identity...
It's amusing that you think your family is ever gonna be able to live here again, Peter Parker.
What does that mean?
It means they're coming for you. They don't know who you are yet. And because I am complicit, I've kept what I know secret for now...
But believe me, it's just a matter of time until they do. So I wanted to warn you.
...but I didn't.
Oh man, look at what you've done to the wall! Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a decent contractor in this city?
And how am I supposed to explain this to my wife when we move back in?

...
I don't get it.
I don't understand why you helped us in the jungle...
...or why you'd want to help me now.
And how on Earth did you come through the wall? We're not even on the bottom floor.
That's just how my powers work...
And to answer the more important question, let's just say I don't care for who I've been associated with over the years...and I've been looking for a way out.
Now I think I've found someone and some*thing* powerful enough to end this for good.
I think you might have the wrong guy.
You need to understand there are *lines* I *won't cross*-- things I won't do.
And your friends feel the same way? Because I saw what you went through...
KSSH

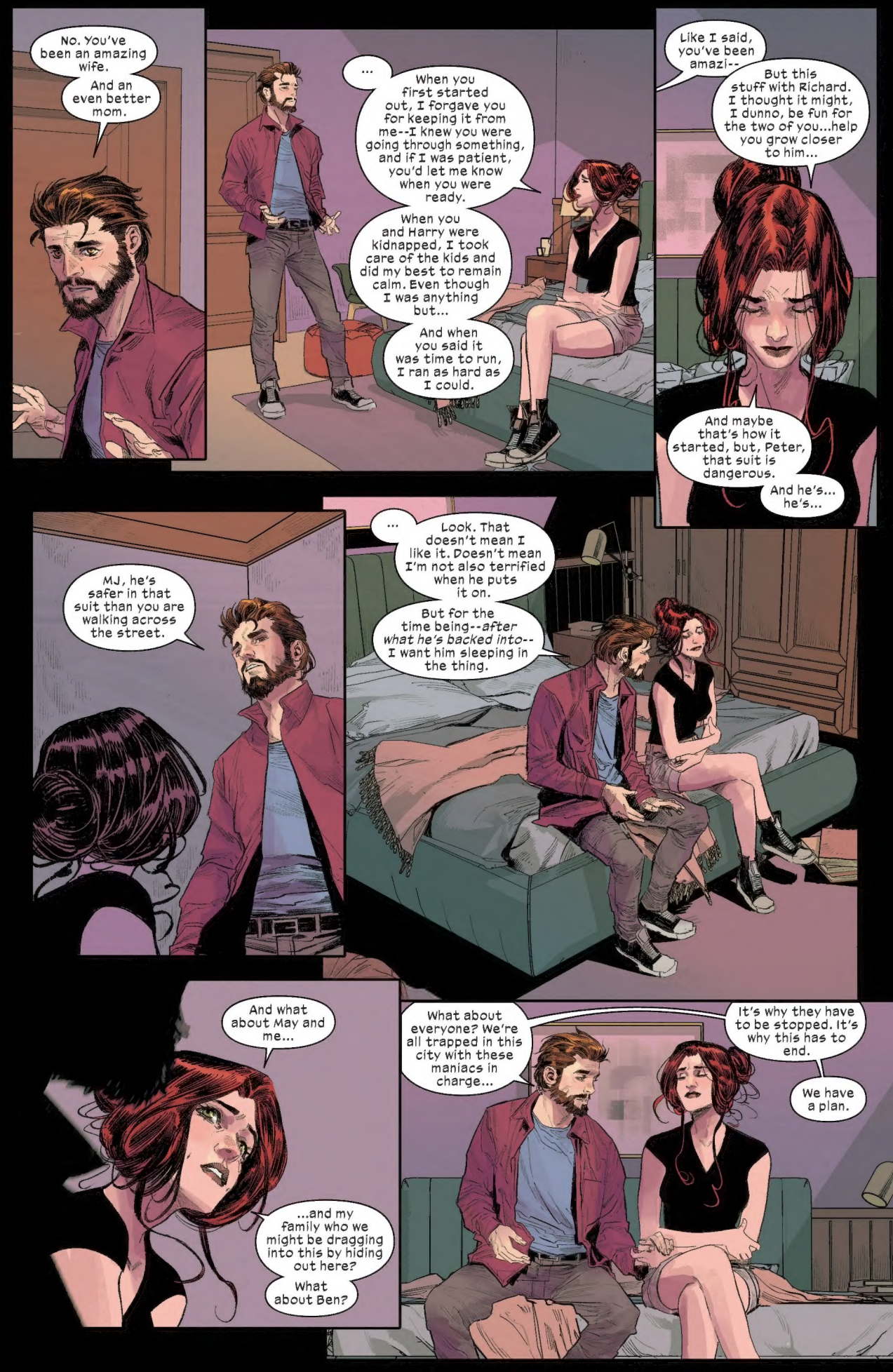
"...that changes a person."
I think you should leave.
Just remember...
...the offer stands.
I can help you.

A good bit later.
Oh #%&$.
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP

Language.
Richard Parker...I don't *even* know what to say to you right now.
Actually, I know *exactly* what I want to say.
If you think being grounded comes with some kind of selective participation, then maybe I need to grab your biggest book and beat you half to death with it.
And if you think for one second that suit can protect you from me--*you are wrong.*
I told you it was a bad idea.
Shut up.
What did you just say to me?
I think he was talking to the su--
I don't care.
I think we should maybe take a moment and everyone calm down.
Son, your mother and I are going to go talk about what to do with you...while you sit here and think about what you've done.
Suit.
Yes, Peter?
He is not to leave.
Yes, Peter.

So... I think that--
Yeah. Hold that thought for a second.
Mom.
Hey there, MJ. Thought I heard something rattling around-- figured I would check it out.
It's fine, it was--
Because it's hard not to hear everything. It's nice of Anna to let us all crash at her place, but we are packed in here like sardines.
Not that I'm complaining. I would never complain.
Uh-huh.
So, Peter and I need to--
I mean, if I was going to complain about something it would be Gayle and this current obsession she has.
I hear you, Mom, and I agree, but it'll have to wait until later.
-Sigh-

Okay. So...
Gotta say, I've officially reached my limit.
I've had enough.
What are we doing, Peter?
Parenting?
Orrrrr... it's possible we're talking about more than Richard here.
Oh boy.
I feel like I've taken all of this pretty well...
...that I've been a pretty good mom and wife.


No. You've been an amazing wife.
And an even better mom.
...
When you first started out, I forgave you for keeping it from me--I knew you were going through something, and if I was patient, you'd let me know when you were ready.
When you and Harry were kidnapped, I took care of the kids and did my best to remain calm. Even though I was anything but...
And when you said it was time to run, I ran as hard as I could.
Like I said, you've been amazi--
But this stuff with Richard. I thought it might, I dunno, be fun for the two of you...help you grow closer to him...
And maybe that's how it started, but, Peter, that suit is dangerous.
And he's... he's...
MJ, he's safer in that suit than you are walking across the street.
...
Look. That doesn't mean I like it. Doesn't mean I'm not also terrified when he puts it on.
But for the time being--*after what he's backed into*--I want him sleeping in the thing.
And what about May and me...
...and my family who we might be dragging into this by hiding out here?
What about Ben?
What about everyone? We're all trapped in this city with these maniacs in charge...
It's why they have to be stopped. It's why this has to end.
We have a plan.

Well, the *beginnings* of a pl--
And you trust them. Harry and Gwen?
...
I trust Harry. He trusts Gwen.
Peter, I just don't know how much more of this I can take.
Tell me what you need me to do.
Seriously. Anything.
...
I don't want to ask anymore.
What?

I know that you've answered every question I've had. But I don't want to have to do that anymore. I want you to tell me everything that I *need* to know. About you... about Harry and Gwen... and everything you're up to.
No more lies by omission. No more secrets.
Are you sure, MJ? Because some of the Harry and Gwen stuff is--
I'm sure, Peter.
I'm sure.
Tell me *everything.*
TO BE CONTINUED...